

CRESTWORD

THE LEGEND OF A TRUE CANADIAN

BY: SHELBY FEIGEN

Terry Fox is a name known well all across Canada. He was like any average 18-year-old student attending Simon Fraser University, until 1977. This year, Terry faced every teen's nightmare and was diagnosed with bone cancer. This resulted in the amputation of his right leg, six inches above the knee. After undergoing chemotherapy alongside other children suffering with cancer, Terry aspired to make a change in the world. He wanted to do something to help cure this formidable disease.

Terry began his Marathon of Hope on April 12th, 1980, running 26 miles daily on an artificial limb. Few people are aware of the physical enormity of what Terry did in his Marathon of Hope run across Canada. The chances of Terry completing the marathon were slim, but he made sure to share with the world that even if the finish line was not reached, he needed others to continue his dream. He needed the Marathon of Hope to live on without him. In June of 1981, Terry lost his indomi-



table battle with cancer; but just as he desired, his strength and benevolence lived on, and Terry Fox became a true Canadian legend.

Although Terry's story took place over 30 years ago, he remains as one of my biggest inspirations. During the Marathon of Hope, Terry Fox stated, "We need your help. The people in cancer clinics all over the world need people who believe in miracles. I'm not a dreamer, and I'm not saying this will initiate any kind of definitive answer or cure to cancer, but I believe in miracles. I have to." The run across Canada was never for himself. It was never to get sympathy from people across the country. Terry risked his own life and ran for the children that were forced to wake up each morning and face chemotherapy. He ran for the children who have been robbed of their lives by this tragic disease. He ran for all the sufferers, all the people hanging onto their last string of hope. This is why the Terry Fox Run is a very emotional experience. The general feeling is amazing. Present are cancer survivors sharing their stories, families and friends creating teams for those they have lost, and

chemo doctors giving speeches. Everyone is brought together to walk for hope; hope that one day we won't have to continue walking for this reason. We are walking to rid the world of cancer.



The legend of Terry Fox has never failed to amaze me. Back when he started his marathon, he could not have been much older than I am now.

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MEET THE CRESTWORD'S NEW EDITORS!

BY: SYDNEY SWARTZ AND
MEGHAN KATES

"If you don't know where you are going, any road will get you there." - Alice in Wonderland

We didn't know how to start this article, so, we just thought that any way we began would eventually get us there in the end. Just like Alice, everything seems to work out in the end.

My name is Sydney Swartz and I am one of your co-editors. I started my career as a Crestwood student a decade ago, in grade 1. Since then, not much has changed except for my uniform, the location of my school, and about 1.5 ft. or so in my height. While passing through the grade 10 hallway, you may have noticed a locker filled with pictures of horses - which would be mine. I have been riding and taking care of horses for about 8 years. When I am not riding I am either doing homework or enthralled in a book. This year, I hope to bring new ideas to the Crestword and the Crestwood community, and I hope to continue the success that I have had at the school for the past ten years.

And my name is Meghan Kates and I am the second of your co-editors this year. I'm in grade 10 and I have been at Crestwood for 7 years. I look forward to spending my next three years working with the Crestword and bringing both my personality and interests to the Crestwood community. In order for me to begin this process, I should first tell you more about myself. I have wanted to be a writer ever since I began to read. Since

then, I have enjoyed the feeling of losing myself in a book and developing connections with characters. Another thing that I am interested in is science. I find it fascinating to learn about how things work. Finally, my favourite sports are volleyball and ball hockey.

Together, we have brainstormed possible ideas that we look forward to incorporating into the Crestword. Some examples are: crossword puzzles, articles based on current events, photos of teachers as children, a pop culture section and more. We hope these new ideas will encourage more people to get involved and read the Crestword.

This year, we wish to bring a new energy to the Crestword and we look forward to being involved in the editing process. We may not always know exactly what we are doing but introductions are always a good start.



THE LEGEND OF A TRUE CANADIAN, CONTINUED

Yet here I am, worrying about how my hair will look in the morning, if I am going to fail this week's quiz, or what that cute kid thinks of me. These problems are infinitesimal compared to the difficulties Terry was obligated to face. Sometimes reading about him or even listening to him speak, it is hard for me to believe that someone who had so much taken away from him possessed such a strong will to give back.

Even when Terry's cancer spread, he told his doctors he would continue running. It was his will to fight that leaves me speechless, his need to never give into his pain that moves me.

On Friday, September 27th, Crestwood will be participating in the Terry Fox run in honor of Terry and those going through similar battles. We hope to represent his

courage, determination, humanitarianism, and selflessness that have been an inspiration to our school as well as millions of people.

Terry's legacy still lives on. This astounding man is considered by most to be the greatest Canadian. All across the world, schools and communities come together to raise thousands of dollars for the Terry Fox Foundation. As Terry once said, "I just wish people would realize that anything's possible if you try; dreams are made possible if you try." Because of Terry, thousands of people around the world who once had no hope are now able to see the light at the end of the tunnel. I am grateful for my country. I am grateful for my community. I am grateful for my school. I am grateful for Terry Fox.

MY TRIP TO THE SOUTH OF INDIA

BY: HAILEY FRIEDRICHSEN

When I first heard that I was going to India with my sister and Mum, I was overwhelmed with excitement; a month on a different continent, experiencing the Indian way of life. The best part was that I was working at an orphanage for the month. I knew the Indian way of life would be way different than Canada, but there was no way I could imagine the reality of it. We had to wear Indian clothing everyday: cotton pants and a tunic with sleeves, in 35° weather. When I look back on it now, I cannot believe we did not die of heat! Another big adjustment was always having your hair up, because if your hair was down, you were thought to be of low morals. So it is already easy to tell how different Indian culture is from Canada's. Last, but definitely not least, the

biggest adjustment was being stared at constantly. India is quite a homogeneous society, and since my Mum, sister, and I are white, blonde and tall, saying we stood out is an understatement. Everyone was fascinated with us and sometimes even asked for a photo with us. To be honest it felt as if we were in a zoo and on display.

Families For Children (FFC), a charity started by a Canadian women, is the orphanage that we volunteered at. FFC is made up of 2/3 girls and 1/3 boys. Since girls are not valued as much as boys in Indian culture, there are more girls at the orphanage. It is not uncommon for girls born into poor families in India to have to give her up. In some extreme cases, the mother would be told to abandon the baby. It was difficult to experience such inequality and realize how girls in Indian society are not valued. It was impossible for me to understand why someone would want to abandon their own child. Luckily, FFC is there for the children and surrounds them with amazing care and staff.

Families For Children provides a warm, family-like environment for the kids. I noticed with the family aspect of the orphanage, that the children do not feel they



are missing out. They don't feel unloved because they are surrounded with love from the workers and the volunteers. Personally, I became attached to many of the kids and one particular 4-year-old girl. I spent time with her in her preschool classroom and played with her where she and the other toddlers slept. When I

found out why she had been abandoned, I was shocked; just because she was a girl, she was left all alone. The reason why she is an orphan isn't even something she could control.

After experiencing the new culture, from the food to the way people dressed and the inequality to a completely different language, I decided that I had to rate my trip as one of the most amazing things I have ever done. Although the culture shock was overwhelming and I could not always understand certain things within Indian society, I

had the chance to do something many people could not even dream of. I am so thankful that I had the chance to go to India.

At the orphanage I saw some of the happiest kids in the world. So happy, with so little. I have learned to appreciate so much more and to be happy with even the little things in life. I will never forget the amazing experiences I had in the south of India in August of 2013.



WHO SAYS CHESS ISN'T COOL?

BY: MR. CHRIS JULL

I have a confession to make: I'm not actually a very good chess player. I learned to play when I was younger, mostly to keep up with some very talented younger cousins; but I don't think I've ever had the patience that is a requirement for real chess virtuosity, the slow build-up of pieces and planning of moves in advance. I tend to be reckless; I go for the easy capture rather than pausing to see whether I'm falling into a larger trap. That being said, I love to play, and I try to learn something from each game I lose.

So it was into this context that two students brought an invitation to me a couple of years ago to start a chess club at the school. After pointing out my amateur abilities, they persisted and the Crestwood Chess Club was born. That first year, the Club was a phenomenal success. My classroom was packed most lunch hours with players and spectators loudly cheering on their preferred grandmasters. That year, Brandon Chow won our inaugural Great Crestwood Chess Tournament, and a new Crestwood tradition emerged.

While the number of participants fell off slightly last year, there continued to be chess played at the school. New equipment and boards were purchased and donated, and last year we had our first speed chess event, won by Rain Xu. The Great Crestwood Chess Tournament continued to prosper, with Peter McLeod winning last year's championship final.

This year, I am trying to renew and reinvigorate the Club by making it a full extracurricular activity. There are weekly game-meetings, with a ladder system in place wherein players may challenge each other in an effort to move up the ladder. House points will be given to students who complete a full year of club membership, and the top eight players on the ladder will be seeded for play in the Great Crestwood Chess



Tournament at the end of the year. Our speed chess event will continue in November, and in the winter we will start a team chess exhibition, where pairs of players can sign up to play each other.

Initial sign-ups have been very strong, with 20 players currently on the ladder. Our Start-Up Clinic saw new and novice players given a chance to learn the basics of the game and try out their skills. You can see their intense concentration in the accompanying photographs. Challenges have already started coming in for next week's games.

While I still don't pretend to be an expert player, I do enjoy learning, and I enjoy watching others learn and have fun doing so. If you are still interested in signing up, speak to me, or just come out next Tuesday to Room 205 at senior lunch.



A SIMPLE LETTER OF FEELING

BY: JAKE PASCOE

This summer I was a part of United Synagogue Youth's Eastern Europe - Israel Pilgrimage. Along with 45 teens from across North America, I toured Prague and Berlin, but the most deeply striking places in my opinion were Poland and Israel. It took me a very long time to fully grasp what I had just seen after touring Concentration Camps in Poland

Now, this isn't the first time I've had trouble with something. Be it a bully or a difficult subject at school, the greatest therapy and solution was to stand up and talk to the person responsible. This was different. I couldn't do that. I felt very lost and confused. I decided in the middle of my time in Israel to write, as a sort of therapy, a letter to the people responsible for the horrible tragedy that was the Holocaust.

Hello,

I'm writing to you from a bus, hurtling through a red desert as wide as the imagination could possibly reach, rolling with hills and cliffs. On my right is the sun, settling below the horizon in a cloudless sky turning a deep scarlet and on my left is a clear blue sea stretching far into the distance. Ahead of me lies Jerusalem, the holy city of Jews, Muslims and Christians. There lie the remains of the Jewish Temple, rows of white houses, bustling markets, as well as Jews comfortably walking through the streets. Jews free to be Jews. I'm in Israel, the Jewish state.

Weeks ago, I found myself in a different bus in a much different place. A grey sky hung over sprawling forests and farmland. After learning my entire life of the surreal evil that took place there, the name itself had a sort of darkness surrounding it. Poland: a country that turned into a killing field for the Jews. After only a handful of years it was stripped of 90 percent of the Jews that once thrived. 3 million Jews murdered.

I am a 16 year old Jew, living in Canada. I'm the great grandson of a Polish Jew and the great grandnephew of murdered Jews. I write to you because many of you never lived to see the aftermath of your work. I write to tell you of something astounding and horrific. Though you twisted and mangled the spirit of my

ancestors and personally created the darkest epicenter of catastrophe in human history, though you tried to rid the earth of Jews forever, and though you succeeded in killing half of our population in Europe, you failed. You failed so completely - of this I've never been so sure in my life.

I'd never felt death before. Sure I've been touched by it but never, before looking at Majdenek's dark watch towers encircled by cawing crows, could I feel it. I had it easy though; I got to march through Auschwitz under the shade of a Jewish flag with my best friends at my side, keeping me safe. You sent enormous masses of my people alone, cold and scared to their death. You stripped millions of their dignity.

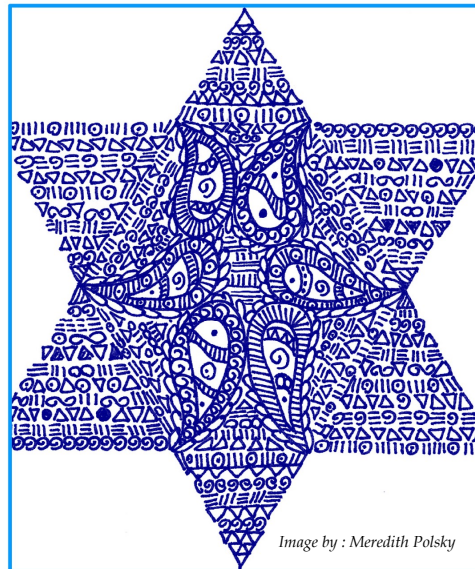


Image by : Meredith Polsky

There wasn't a day that went by during my visit to Poland that I didn't wonder why. Why am I so lucky to live? Why did God allow my line to live? Why were they not slaughtered like so many others? Why am I living while the hundreds of cousins I could be wrestling, hugging and laughing with aren't? Those persisting questions are probably the most terrible punishment you placed upon the Jews alive today to contemplate your devastation.

My great grandfather was forced to watch from across the Atlantic Ocean as you carried out the mass killings. He was lucky enough to escape, but 7 of his 9 siblings were forced into work camps and finally the darkness of Auschwitz-Birkenau. He too was plagued with "why?" But, he famously said, as he looked out over a forest of grandchildren and great grandchildren: "I always wondered why I was allowed to survive. This - this is why."

He's not the only one. The more Judaism rebuilt and repopulated, more survivors found answers to the "why" that haunted them. More saw their grandchildren take their first steps, read from the Torah, get married, and have children of their own. More saw the worlds that were created from their survival. They realized that "this" was their "why".

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A WARM WELCOME BACK!

BY: MR. VINCE PAGANO

I've often wondered what my life would be without school. Right now, the rituals of September seem so automatic, so inevitable, that I don't even try imagining a separate universe. A few years ago, in about my twenty fifth year of teaching, my wife asked me if I was going to "work" that day. I looked at her, puzzled, and wondered what she meant. Then it hit me... "Oh", I said... "...am I going to SCHOOL today?" "Yes...yes...I am".

I know this is going to be a hard sell for some of you, but school gave me most of what I cherish in life, and, methinks that if I had known that as a student, I may have had an even more rewarding experience. In other words, if I hadn't taken so many things for granted, I would have had more substantial memories of my student years. Maybe not. I am blessed that being a teacher gave me a few more kicks at the can. The second, third, or fiftieth chance allowed for the kind of refinement and wisdom, I hope, that was seriously absent when I was grasping for air at Harbord Collegiate Institute in the mid sixties.

It seems as if there are more reasons for taking school for granted today. I don't want to get into it, and the 'good old days' were usually not-so-good, but let's just say that pretty much everything I did as a teenager revolved around school and school friends. If I missed a Friday night school dance, for example, I was out of luck for the next few months as far as big social events were concerned, and couldn't just ask for a ride to Joey's place, where another party was going on and where other important teenage preoccupations would find fulfillment.



You are now into your third or fourth week of school. Everything and everyone seems to have found a place and a meaning. Nerves have calmed down. Academic schedules are where they need to be. Mom and Dad have softened their calls to action, and your friends miss you as much as you miss them. Behind all these reassurances and peace of mind are people and programs that are energetically trying to make your school life rewarding and interesting in a great number of ways. Despite your distractions, and despite a certain lack of warmth or romanticism when it comes to school, just know that your recollections and engagements years from now will have a lot to do with your conscious attempts today to take advantage, or at least seriously consider, the many options and opportunities that will be offered to you. No regrets. Full steam ahead!

I thank all students and teachers for what you have done to make this a great start to the school year. In this alone, you have already accomplished a tremendous amount. Keep up the good work... and enjoy!

A SIMPLE LETTER OF FEELING, CONTINUED



As Rosh Hashanah, the new year for Jews all around the world, fast approached I was reminded how lucky I am to be a Jew, how lucky I am to have Israel and how lucky I am to have a community that supports the future of its people, of its institutions and of its homeland.

So yes, you failed. You failed completely and totally. And how wonderful it is that you did because now Judaism has a sword and a shield. Now we have the state of Israel.

Sincerely, Jake Pascoe

COACHES SPOTLIGHT: MR. MCCLUSKEY

BY: JACOB HAMBLIN

You may know Mr. McCluskey as one of Crestwood's awesome English teachers, but you may not know that he is a very serious runner and the Crestwood cross country and track coach. Mr. McCluskey has been running since he was a kid, competing in school cross-country and local 5k's. He also competed for his high school cross-country team. After high school he took a break from running until picking it up again as an adult. Mr. McCluskey enjoys many things about running, first of all "It's fun!" he says. He enjoys that running constantly presents new and interesting challenges, but yet it is always achievable. He says, "Most of us will never be able to dunk a basketball, no matter what we do, but anyone can run and make themselves a little bit better." This is also one of the things he enjoys the most about coaching. "No matter how good you are when you start, if you are willing to work hard, you will get better," says Mr. McCluskey.



Mr. McCluskey has been participating in races throughout his life. He has competed in many events from school races to 5k's to half-marathons, and even full marathons, but none of them have been as big as the race he ran last spring. Last spring Mr. McCluskey ran the Boston Marathon, the one that will go down in history for reasons other than running. A pair of terrorists tragically bombed the 2013 Boston Marathon. The bombs killed 3 and injured hundreds more. After working very hard, Mr. McCluskey was able to qualify for Boston, and headed into it with much excitement. He was a bit overwhelmed by the grandeur and scale of the race, but he settled down and was able to run and enjoy the famed course. When he finished he says he felt exhausted yet happy. He says, "All the hard work and lonely miles had led to that moment and I felt proud of my accomplishment." Soon a time that is meant to be celebrated and joyful turned into worry and confusion

for the city of Boston and Mr. McCluskey. At the time of the bombings, Mr. McCluskey was luckily well past the finish line, an hour and half to be precise, and enjoying lunch with his wife. Soon people in the restaurant began receiving text messages and calls, and the news was on, and silenced engulfed the room. The silences soon turned to confusion and concern, Mr. McCluskey and his wife left as soon as possible and were able to get home safely and soundly. He says that he felt guilty at first upon hearing the terrible news. "Compared to the pain, suffering, and loss of life people experienced, recreational running is meaningless," he says. He feels differently now, but says that at the time he felt like he should "apologize for caring about something so trivial." Of course, there should be no shame in achieving a goal and pulling the best out of ourselves. This is

what the Boston marathon is all about. That is also why the city of Boston, Mr. McCluskey and any other runner or person wanting to stand up for the innocent lives lost and for freedom and unity will participate in the 2014 Boston marathon. Mr. McCluskey states, "It's no longer just about running. It's about showing support for the victims, the spectators and the volunteers. It's going to be a huge celebration and I'm excited to be a part of it."

Now Mr. McCluskey leaves behind a few words of advice: "I'd like to encourage everyone to join a team or sport. It doesn't matter if you aren't the best, just get out there and try something new. If you challenge yourself you might find out what you are truly capable of." I personally encourage everyone, in the spirit of the upcoming Terry Fox day, to take time to celebrate human achievement, especially personal achievement. Everyone should take part in the indomitable spirit of hard work and stand against cancer, terrorists, and other plagues of the world."

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